

HAEMON. Live, you say! Live a life without
Antigone? A life in which I am to go on
admiring you as you busy yourself about your
kingdom, make your persuasive speeches, strike your atti-
tudes? Not without Antigone. I love Antigone. I
will not live without Antigone!
That giant strength, that courage.
That massive god who used to pick
me up in his arms and shelter me from shadows
and monsters-was that you, Father? Was it of you
I stood in awe? Was that man you?
This is all a bad dream,
Father. You are not yourself. It isn't true that we
have been backed up against a wall, forced to
surrender. We don't have to say "yes" to this
terrible thing. You are still king. You are still the
father I revered. You have no right to desert me,
to shrink into nothingness. The world will be too
bare, I shall be too alone in the world, if you
force me to disown you. I tell you
that I will not live without Antigone.